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The liveliest, prettiest, most progressive town of 1000 inhabitants in the inland Empire. County seat of Wallowa county and unrivaled trade center of immense area of rich farming and stock raising country; planing and flooring mills, creamery, brick yard and other industries. Merchants prospering and all pull together for the town's splendid openings for several lines of business and small factories. Write to City Officials or Commercial Club for particulars, for proof that Enterprise and surrounding country will double in population in three years.

Enterprise officials: Mayor, Daniel Boyd; Recorder, W. E. Taggart; City Attorney, T. M. Dill; Councilmen: T. E. Atkins, L. Bertrand, M. E. Combs, W. H. Graves, J. C. Reavie; President Commercial Club, A. C. Miller.

Special Offer to Subscribers.

In order to help make known the resources of Wallowa county and the opportunities here for homeseekers and investors, the News Record makes this special offer: Any regular subscriber may have sent one or more copies of the News Record to any address outside the county, at the following rate:

Yearly subscriptions each \$1.00. Single copies 5 cents, 6 copies same issue 25 cents, mailed from office with out extra charge.

Information Concerning Eighth Grade Final Examinations.

1. Dates: (a) January 23, 24, 1908; (b) May 14, 15, 1908; (c) June 11, 12, 1908.

2. Program: a. Thursdays—Arithmetic, Writing, History and Civil Government. b. Fridays—Grammar, Physiology, Geography and Spelling.

3. Sources of Questions: a. Geography—State Course of Study, Redway and Hinman's Natural School Geography.

b. Spelling—Eighty per cent. from Reed's Word Lessons, and twenty per cent. from manuscript in Language.

c. Writing—Specimens of penmanship as indicated in copied matter and from manuscript in Language.

d. Language—Bachler's Modern English Grammar, no diagramming.

e. Civil Government—United States Constitution.

f. History—List of topics from History Outline in State Course of Study and Current Events.

Notice: Teachers preparing classes for examinations will please notify county superintendent 30 days before examination according to law.

J. W. KERNS, County Superintendent of Schools.

Professional Directory AND Business Cards

Physicians and Surgeons.

Physician Surgeon

E. T. Anderson, M. D.

Enterprise, Oregon.

Physician and Surgeon

C. T. HOCKETT, M. D.

Independent Phone.

Office up stairs in Bank Bldg.

F. G. HEWETT M D

Physician and Surgeon,

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Attorneys-at-Law.

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ELGIN, - OREGON.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway full of eager shoppers, making tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. Great extremes of life bumped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the fur lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the opium scent of his blouse with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowd. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squalidly dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the pinched, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

At the Rialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeit presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march of the king's caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and os-



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE FIGURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral devices, glittering armor and all the thousands of odd things that were being prepared for the most dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minstrel of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and, with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little east side home, tossing and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and, although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, like actors, are improvident creatures, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of aught except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and helplessly ill, might be suffering for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he palated away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweetly coy little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and pale face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had "a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager." No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the bonny one to a procession box and, lifting her into a big up hoisted chair, which she far from filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for

the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there, one foot curled under, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red hair had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singling to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shuffling and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip as they sat on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on.

Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great man impatiently tore open the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a pull at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the comedian of the organization, picked up the note, straightened out its creases and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company:

Dear Sir—I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid back as soon as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we—my little daughter and myself—in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I dislike very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our predicament, and may God bless you for it. Respectfully, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a tinkling of dimes, quarters and halves as they dropped into the hat of the fat and rosy little comedian. The collection was tied up in a handkerchief and noiselessly placed into the lap of the sleeping child.

But that was not all. A happy thought came to the comedian, now as serious as a Hamlet. From a roll of money he whipped a twenty dollar bill. In a very few minutes the property man and his assistant had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl a nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vendor on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy hearts, which were quickly attached to the boughs of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie; bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Hurry, now. Somebody get me an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's barge in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illuminated the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, blinked them again from the light, sat straight, rubbed her eyes with her tiny fists, stirred herself and then, settling back in the big chair, sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child huddled closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stockings, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkey Once a Side Dish. Turkeys, mince pies and plum puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks.

Our ancestors thought nothing of taking three weeks' holiday at Christmas time.

Christmas In Cactus Center.

WOMEN'S scarce in Cactus Center, and there ain't no bargain stores. Fer to start them Monday rushes that break down the stoutest doors, But we had some Christmas shoppin' that the town ain't over yet, Jest because of one small woman and a drug store toilet set.

She was Cactus Center's teacher, and she heave's left the stage 'Fore she hea she boys plum locoed, and I don't see youth nor age. She was cute and smart and pretty, and she might 'a' been here yet, If it hadn't been for Dawson and his drug store toilet set.

It was old and scratched and speckled, fer 'twas in his case for years. But old Dawson, sharp and clever, put a whisper in our ears—'Lowed he'd sell that set at auction, and he says, "Now, boys, you bet This'll make a hit with teacher—this here swell new toilet set."



IT WAS THEN BEGUN THE SHOOTIN'.

Well, the biddin' started lively, and it got to gittin' hot, For every mind in Cactus on that single thing was set. Purty soon I'd staked my saddle, worth two hundred dollars net, Just to own fer one short second that blamed drug store toilet set.

It was then begun the shootin', no one seems to know jest how, And 'twas lack of ammerrition that at last broke up the row, And thirteen of us was hurted, but the worst blow that we met Was in findin' that some bullets had gone through that toilet set.

But we plugged the punctures in it, and we plugged the wounded, too, And agreed we'd arbitrate it, and the bunch 'd see it through, So we sent a gift committee, but they came back sorer yet, Fer the teacher 'd fluttered eastward, so we have that toilet set. —Denver Republican.

CHRISTMAS NEAR THE POLE.

Where Seal Meat and Whale's Blubber Take Turkey's Place.

"I think Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said General Greeley, the arctic explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we encountered ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just food enough in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable.

"Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast—thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potatoes. Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock—first course, a stew of seal meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and breadcrumbs; second course, served one hour after first, a stew of raisins, blubber and milk; Dessert, a cup of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco still left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party.

"I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipients as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being puffd away at for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—a Christmas near the north pole—ended in smoke."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Vacations as Christmas Presents.

In a letter to the employees of the Bourne mills of Fall River, Mass., announcing the regular profit sharing dividend on Dec. 24 last, Treasurer George A. Chase said: "The board of directors has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experiment of a vacation week in August, 1907. The mills will close Aug. 24 and reopen Sept. 3, thus allowing you ten days of rest and recreation. In lieu of regular pay you will get an extra dividend on your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages." This promise was faithfully kept.

HE LOOKS HAPPY



Because he knows how glad the people will be to get those packages of Christmas Cakes from the

CITY BAKERY.

Order your Christmas Baking and Roasting early

First Come, First Served

The Best Hot Lunch in Wallowa County

Fresh Oysters, Clam Chowder, Hot Tamales, Baked Beans, all kinds of pie. The place for

Square Meal at Moderate Price

CITY BAKERY

GEO. MITCHE

Prop

First door south of new Fraternal Bldg.

FIRST-CLASS RIGS CAREFUL DRIVERS

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ENTERPRISE LIVERY AND FEED STABLE

Horses Boarded by Day, Week or Month

Good Care of all Stock.

BEST EQUIPPED STABLE IN THE COUNTY

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we can surprise you any day of the week, any week of the year with our

Low Prices

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ENTERPRISE, - OREGON.

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